

INSCAPE

INSCAPE

*Bishop's College School
Literary Magazine
2013-2014
Volume XXXII*

By *Inscape* I mean the particular nature of things,
the unique, essential form and meaning
of any object or experience.

~Gerard Manley Hopkins

Members of the *Inscape* staff would like to
thank the following people for their help and support:

Christopher Brandon, Stephanie Broadhurst, Janice Carey,
Susan Cook, Max Crowther, Guy Dallaire, Tim Doherty,
Campbell Hall, Suzy Hall, Victoria Hill, François Jean Jean,
Lyne Labrècque, Sheila Lyster, Greg McConnell, Régine Mesnil,
Will Mitchell, Maureen Morrison, Heather Rothney, Anna Sarkissian
and Greg Stevenson.

We would also like to thank Scott Abbott
for his generous support of the English department
and all of its endeavours.

Design and typesetting by the *Inscape* staff at BCS.

Bishop's College School
Sherbrooke, Quebec
J1M 1Z8



Printed in Canada by
Blanchard Litho inc.

From the editors...

Words. They come in all colours and shades, and can express everything from our most complex ideas to pure, basic human emotion. Words can determine the fate of nations, or paint a picture in our minds more beautiful than any flower. Why, then, are they so hard to come by?

I'm not going to lie; this year's *Inscape* was a bit of a struggle. Hours spent combing through submissions while my peers spent their time according to their own whims and desires – all to find that perfect stanza, or to pinpoint that one rushed, patched-on line that didn't quite seem to fit – isn't what everyone sees as a good time, but some of us don't mind. The book is determined by the words that go into it and, sometimes, there just aren't that many.

Still, there is a magic in the words. They flow like water and rise and fall with the tide beneath the moon. They are expression, creative energy flowing straight from the hidden places you don't see behind the uniforms and after-school sports.

So here's our book and, even in a rainy year, the honey is as sweet as ever.

—Jessica Walsh, *editor*

We all know that feeling. That mounting wave of dread and horror as the deadline creeps closer and closer, while the blank expanse of unmarked page seems to stretch on infinitely. It's a terrible feeling that is born, not only from the impending moment when finally that essay or poem is due but from the sudden sense of inability; the loss of our voice.

To write is liberation – freedom to breathe sense and meaning into broiling emotions and thoughts that often threaten to overtake the mind. Finally filling that blank page is the outlet that keeps us from overflowing.

Inscape is an accumulation of these moments of complete freedom and release. It is a testament to the strength of every individual, whether their words come with slow deliberation or leap to the page in a sudden burst hours before the hammer falls on deadline night. These are our inner children; our moments of insanity and doubt, our dysfunctions, our failures and our successes which, cumulatively, gave us the determination to endure.

—Sabine Latendresse, *assistant editor*

Table of Contents

Sunday Morning Crow Song, <i>Honour Cunningham</i>	7
Terribly Awake, <i>Brendan Barritt</i>	8
Dreadful Beauty, <i>Sarah Hopkins</i>	9
Apple Pie, <i>Nicola Russell</i>	10–13
Longing, <i>Donovan Faraoni</i>	14
Ode To Fried Chicken, <i>Jessica Walsh</i>	16
Burger, <i>Brendan Barritt</i>	17
What A Mother Shouldn't Know, <i>Nicola Russell</i>	19
Tourism Is Good, <i>Jessica Walsh</i>	20
Maux de mer, <i>Alexandre Montoya</i>	22
Surconsommation et fin, <i>Kaitlin Corbeil</i>	23
The Old Man, <i>Andrew Coughlin</i>	25
The Speaker's Tale, <i>Jessica Walsh</i>	26–31
The Dying World, <i>Robynne Armstrong</i>	32
Rhythm, <i>Taylor Merrithew</i>	33
A Dark And Sullen Place, <i>Brendan Barritt</i>	34
The Present, <i>Rebecca Leblond</i>	36
The Man on Foot, <i>Jasmine Bouchard</i>	37
Faded Away, <i>Evangeline Zhang</i>	37
Haunted, <i>Sabine Latendresse</i>	38–39
The Meadow That Once Was..., <i>Jonathan Hopkins</i>	40
Gleaming Pearls, <i>Irys-Amélie Nadeau</i>	42
Her Genes, My Fate, <i>Rosemarie Zeitlinger</i>	44–45
Woman of Faith, <i>Sabine Latendresse</i>	46

At Canfranc Train Station, <i>Aude Babakissa</i>	48–49
Motionless Time, <i>Haley Crawford</i>	50
The Revolution, <i>Stephane Anglade</i>	53
The Man Behind the Desk, <i>Trinity-Ann Merrithew</i>	54
My New Home, <i>Bonnie Kerkhoff</i>	56
Notre Terre, <i>Laury Tellier</i>	58
Nothing is So Beautiful as Spring, <i>Tyler Beauparlant</i>	59–60
The People on the Sidewalks, <i>Julia Coote</i>	61
All The Pretty Faces, <i>Rosemarie Zeitlinger</i>	63
The Trail, <i>Sabine Latendresse</i>	65
Forever Ago, <i>Haley Crawford</i>	65
Encore, <i>Victoria Leblond</i>	67
Wait For Me, <i>Taylor Merrithew</i>	69
The Twelfth Hour, <i>Sabine Latendresse</i>	72

Editor:

Jessica Walsh

Assistant Editor:

Sabine Latendresse

Faculty Advisors:

Scott Kelso

Marianne Laramée

Inscape Staff:

Jasmine Bouchard

Honour Cunningham

Romy Mailloux-Chagnon

Vianney Gomezgil Yaspik

Artists:

Brendan Barritt

Kaitlin Corbeil

Gabrielle Edgecombe

Maria Del Mar Hernandez Garcia

Sabine Latendresse

Joy Lu

Jessica Mou

Irys-Amélie Nadeau

Capucine Nouvel

Édouard Rozon

Nicola Russell

Sabrina Turrin

Justine Valois

Jessica Walsh

Charlene Weapenicappo

Rosemarie Zeitlinger



Artwork by Justine Valois, Form V

SUNDAY MORNING CROW SONG

I awake to the screeches
of crows. Opening my eyes, I
stare at the white ceiling above.

Their cries flutter through the open window, irregular
like a group of moths at a light in the late evening.
The light of dawn pours into my room and I

groan in protest,
telling them, telepathically, to leave
and for the sun to dip below the horizon.

I pull the covers up and
stuff my head under the pillow
attempting, unsuccessfully, to suffocate

their caws.

I unravel myself from my cocoon of blankets
and trudge to shut the window, to close the curtains.

They are thin, and still permit the light to shine, filtered and blue,
and the crows still faintly mutter.

I will get no sleep.

Honour Cunningham, Form V

TERRIBLY AWAKE

Late at night
terribly awake
there is no light,
my slumber is fake.

Terribly awake
as I lay in my bed
my slumber is fake,
I have thoughts in my head.

As I lay in my bed
my mind left to wonder,
I have thoughts in my head,
so much time to ponder.

My mind left to wonder
all through the night,
so much time to ponder
as I lose this mental fight.

All through the night
I can't fall asleep.
As I lose this mental fight
I try counting sheep.

I can't fall asleep,
there is no light,
I try counting sheep
late at night.

Brendan Barritt, Form VI

DREADFUL BEAUTY

There once was a cruel assassin,
a vulgar, vindictive dragon,
who spent his days soaring through air.

From his soul climbed the Devil,
a much darker level
of the evil seen in his stare.

He scorched sidewalks to dust:
“the whole world will combust!”
were the last words heard at sundown.

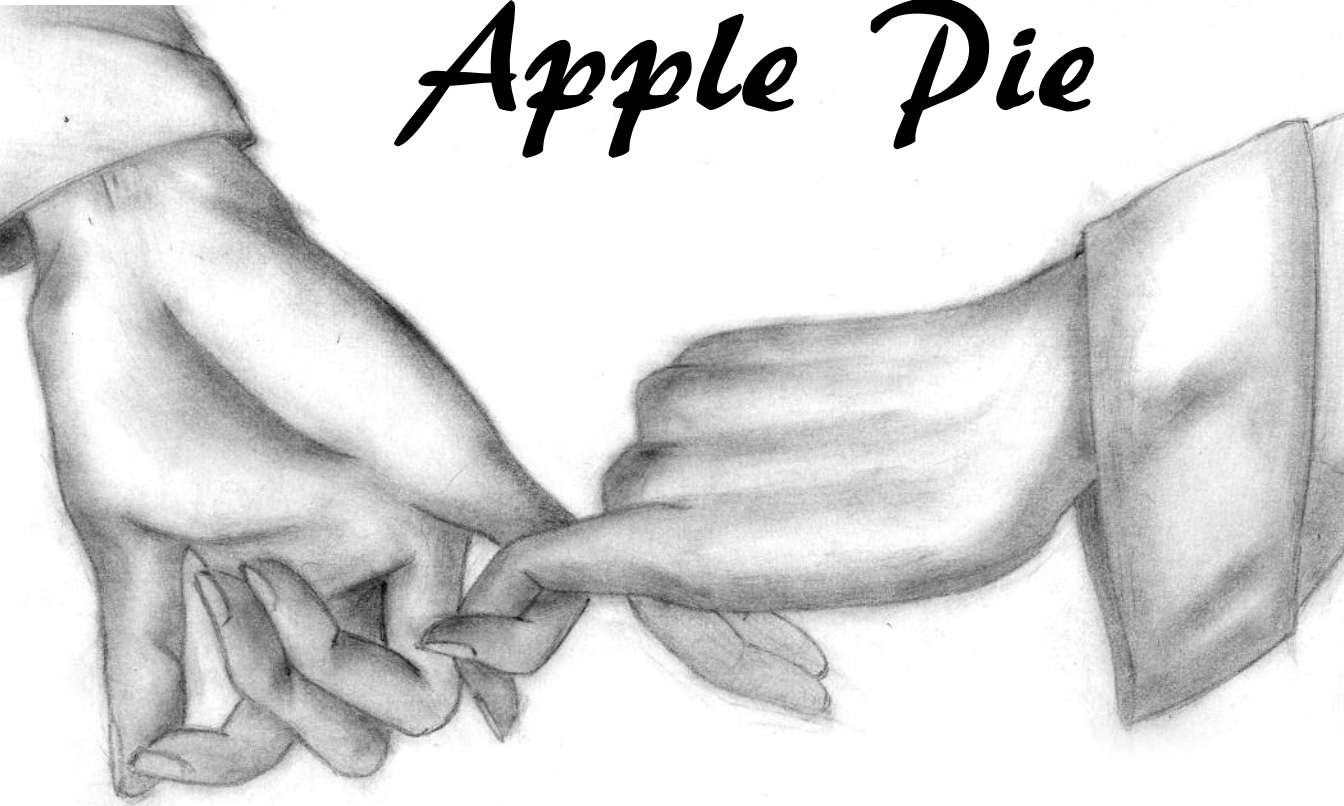
His fire so bright
that in the dark night
lit up the entire town.

Sarah Hopkins, Form VII



Photograph by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

Apple Pie



A short story by Nicola Russell, Form VI

Drawing by Sabine Latendresse, Form VII

Tuesday afternoon, I sat down in my regular spot in my regular café, as I do every Tuesday afternoon on my way home from practice. As I sat, I stretched out my long legs under the table. They were quite sore from today's extra long run. This week, our coach was pushing us extra hard in order to prepare us for the big cross-country meet this coming Friday. It was his final year coaching and understandably, he didn't want us taking last place for the sixth year in a row.

A waitress came and stood next to my table, pen and notepad ready in hand. I didn't recognize her face, so she must be recently hired. Normally, it was Sam taking my order every Tuesday afternoon. A small dose of disappointment must have leaked into my face, because she looked at me with slight confusion and offence.

"Black coffee and a slice of apple pie," I said, then remembered and added a quick "please."

She nodded, spun, and walked away; not even bothering to write it down. I leaned back and sunk comfortably into

my chair. The first time I had come here and took a look around the cozy room, I'd known to sit exactly here. In the front left corner of the café, I'd be the first to be seen and served. I had a full view of the street from the big window next to me. The radiator was at my back. Also, I was far enough from the other tables that I'd avoid being hit when something was spilt. I had a spot like this everywhere I went, always the best, always mine.

While waiting for my coffee and pie, I began to think of my week. I needed to brainstorm new topics to discuss in book club tomorrow, as well as for grad committee on Thursday. Friday, I had a cross-country meet but would probably still go to the movies with my mum like we did every week. Then for the weekend I'd go to cooking class and spend time with friends on Saturday, then on Sunday go to church and study for the rest of the day. My week was always this, exactly the same. I never did anything new or changed plans. This was the way I liked it; there was

never any change or surprises. This way I felt secure, ready, and safe.

Finally the waitress came back with my coffee and apple pie, though I had to send her back because she'd failed to warm up my pie, something Sam would not have forgotten.

I stared down at my coffee and clicked my shoes together impatiently. I didn't like to start my coffee without a bite of my pie first. I hoped it wouldn't get cold.

I'd worn these same shoes for five years now. Not actually the same shoes, but every time I needed a new pair I'd bought these in the next size up. I had gotten this pair about a month back and was determined to wear them into my grave. The women who always sold them to me had said that they were no longer being made. This would be my last pair.

The waitress came back again, this time with my pie steaming. I thanked her and she left. Just then another customer walked in. His beard and hair were long and untrimmed; his clothes filthy, worn out, and far too big for his skinny figure. In his hand, he held a red plastic party cup and under his arm was a cardboard sign that read "*Help a man stuck in the*

cold of autumn – Who lives, feeds, and is stuck at the bottom." It wasn't that clever, but I suppose it had worked by the sound of people's loose change jiggling around in his plastic cup.

I watched him closely as he made his way to a table and sat down. Placing his sign and cup to the side, he folded his hands neatly in his lap and waited to be served.

No one came. But he didn't seem to care or even notice and just went on waiting. In the back of the café, my waitress and a man argued. Finally the waitress shook her head, folded her arms and stepped back. The man who had been arguing with her walked over to the homeless man and stood across from him. Everyone in the café was now watching.

The homeless man looked up and smiled. "I'd like a piece of apple pie please," he said politely. "I hear it's the best here. Better than you can find anywhere else."

The man across from him, surely the manager, pushed his lips into a thin, straight line, then re-parted them and grumbled in a deep, crusty voice, "I'm sorry, we cannot serve you. Please if you will leave. Now."

The final word, so without empathy, hit the homeless man like a bullet; the light left his eyes.

“But—” he started.

“No shoes, no service,” interrupted the manager.

“But I—I,” replied the homeless man, looking down at his bare feet and shuffling them further under his chair.

Anger bundled up inside of me and I thought about what kind of embarrassment the poor man must be suffering right now.

The manager stepped aside to give him a clear path to the door. Looking first around the room at the silent customers watching him, he then sighed, recognizing defeat. The smallest tear slid down the side of his cheek as he stood and I wondered when his last meal had been.

As he took his first step, my sore legs jumped up. Everyone’s eye swung to me and he paused in place.

A moment of panic attacked me. What had just happened? My legs had betrayed me. I looked around the room and met the other customers’ gazes, then met his eyes and forced my suddenly not-so-jumpy-anymore legs to walk over to him and take a knee. My fingers

shook and trembled as I fumbled with the laces, but eventually I’d untied both sneakers. I pulled off the left, then the right, and lay them neatly beside his two blackened feet. Next to each other the four of them looked about the same size.

When I stood back up tears were now silently waterfalling down his face. Giving him my most encouraging smile and a nod of the head, I turned and headed to the door. Once there I paused and spun back around to face the manager. He was already staring back at me, disbelief on his face. I swung the door open and frowned at him until I was satisfied he was now the one who felt and looked the fool, then turned and let the door slam back in place behind me.

Taking a deep breath of the chilly autumn air to regain my senses, I began to walk down the street. As I passed the window I had once loved to look out, I could feel all eyes in the café on me. I looked in and saw the man sitting once again, the most cheerful smile on his face and two new shoes on his feet.

Staring straight with my head high I walked home, regretting the whole way that I didn’t get to finish my last piece of that amazing apple pie.

LONGING

Infinite sage.
Limitless, soul full of secrets.
Of boundless wisdom and learning,
trapped abroad like a dragonfly in amber,
he waits.

Desperate as a colossus among pygmies
with clothes begrimed
by mysterious muds,
trodden by hunters and hunted,
escaped from prehistory.

Revered and loathed at once,
honored by ordinary people,
hated by Emperors and Kings.
He sinks in the quicksand of fame,
surrounded by guards.

Bound by ropes, pleading
with clippers' midshipmen to hoist full sail,
becalmed, he awaits the breeze.
Harbinger of hope
that never arrives.

Always alone, time is his prison.
Dwarfed by behemoths risen from the depths,
the lone giant Gulliver,
yearning for love,
returns home.

Donovan Faraoni, Form II

Photograph by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI





ODE TO FRIED CHICKEN

Grease:

smeared on my fingers,
crusting under my nails,
coating my yellowed teeth.

I dream of You at night,
feel Your pale flesh
under my tongue.

I smell You,
reduced by my inattentions,
Your fat congealing,
becoming cold and stiff
while I sleep.

From the microwave
You sustain me.
KFC knows me by name.
When I hunger
in the biblical desert,
Your flesh will sate me.

Our love is a thing others
will never understand.
Although Your life has ended,
when You join with me
my body takes new meaning
from You.
You soothe my thundering,
spluttering heart.
Professionals say
You are killing me.
My body is not made to handle
a diet only of You.

Sometimes,
I almost believe them.
Stricken with terror,
I go to the fridge
and in every drawer,
I see You;
legs, wings,
and succulent breaded breasts,
waiting for me.

Jessica Walsh, Form VII

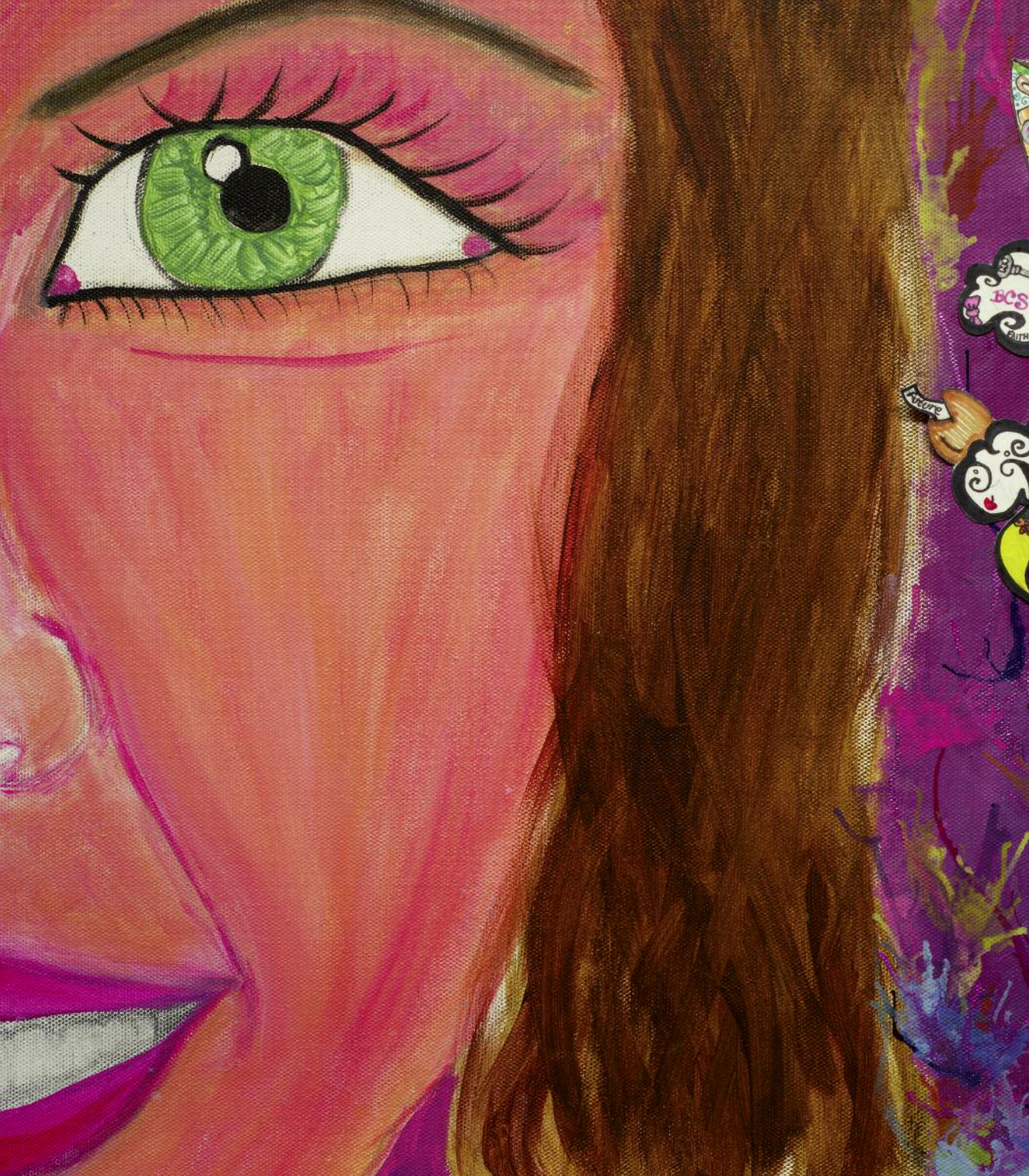
BURGER

The bun,
like a goose down pillow of wheat.
The burger,
rare,
almost raw,
juicy.
The pickles,
the onions,
sprinkled atop like veggie confetti.
The condiments,
applied
ever so carefully,
like a grandmother's touch.

Brendan Barritt, Form VI

Photograph by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

~ 17 ~





WHAT A MOTHER SHOULDN'T KNOW

I was folding the laundry on a sunny afternoon,
when I came across something dreadful enough
to make my mother's heart swoon.

I didn't mean to see it when it fell open on the floor.

The cat had knocked it open
and out my curiosity poured.

The lies and fibs.

The crimes and sins.

The number of people she had deceived.

The thoughts that went through her head,
and all the men she had brought to bed.

It just took the life away from me.

The time she had cheated on her test
and brought it home,

letting me think it was her best.

The time she snuck out
and did the most unholy things,
then came home and lied to us.

Oh, the pain all this brings.

And now, what am I to do?

What am I to say?

Can I let it go?

It is hard to deal with something
a mother shouldn't know.

Nicola Russell, Form VI

Artwork by Maria Del Mar Hernandez Garcia, Form VI

TOURISM IS GOOD.

Tourists are good.
They all want the same thing.
Wooden boats and lighthouses,
round gold *Made in China* stickers
carefully peeled off;
shiny flakes under our fingernails.
Straw hats that smell synthetic,
with two red plastic braids
and a green bow. Of course it's authentic.
Everyone wants one.

Americans are the best.
Loud and obnoxious,
conspiracy theorists blinded
by blue skies, red sand,
and poisonous purple lupins.
Give them what they want.
Tell them they're right:
everyone loves a pushover.

They came for the Experience.
They want our Culture,
so paint it up pretty;
fake smiles hiding cavities.

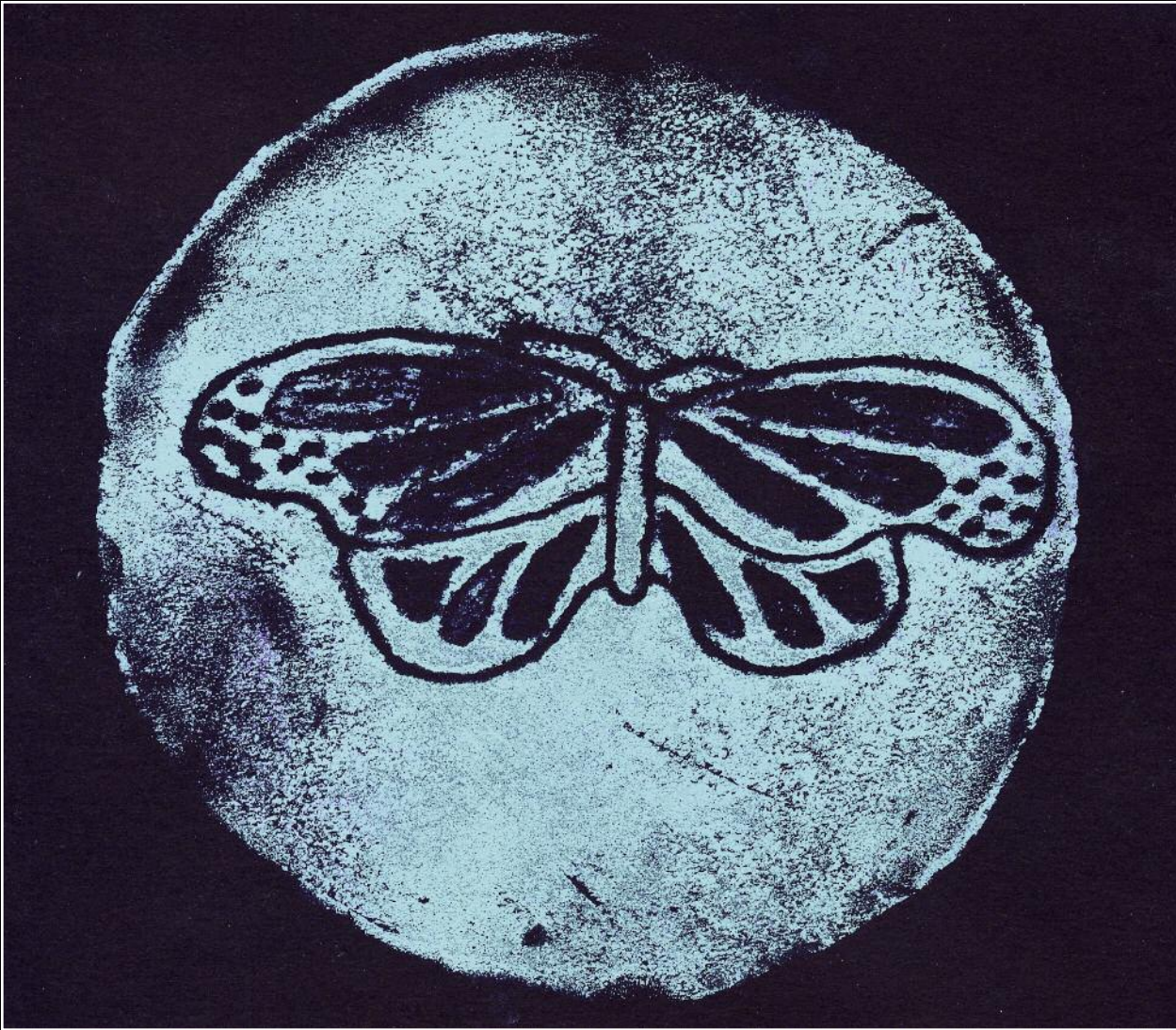
This is an industry.
*What's the quickest
way to Cavendish?*
You're hired.
Remember what we told you;
only tell them what they
want to know
and you'll be good.

But it's winter.
Unemployment? No,
you're uneducated.
Remember when you quit high school?
You were bored, you said,
and cold.
We have better things to do
than pay to heat a school.

Here, hold this stop sign.
Ten hours a day,
you're a construction worker now.
We'll pay you to freeze.

Dirty dropout in an orange coat,
the tourist season's over.
You're no good.

Jessica Walsh, Form VII



Artwork by Charlene Weapenicappo, Form IV

MAUX DE MER

Les anciens m'ont parlé d'un monde,
Dans un temps pas si lointain
Qui ne ressemble en rien à celui que je connais
Ou la vie prospérait sans fin.

Il y avait des poissons par milliers
Des requins et des baleines
Crabes et autres crustacés
Et on ne faisait pas la différence entre ciel et mer.

Mais quand j'ai regardé,
Je n'ai vu que l'opposé,
Les poissons mouraient dans nos filets
Piégés par notre faim sans fin.

Du plastique et du pétrole,
Ont remplacé nos océans, auparavant bleus,
Devenus maintenant de gigantesques flaques d'or noir,
Pourtant jadis pullulant de vie.

Il faut changer
Et ça sans plus tarder,
Car même si nous nous pensons forts,
La planète nous donnera tort.

J'ai entendu la planète gronder,
Les eaux ont monté
Et le vent a hurlé
Et les maisons sont tombées.

Alexandre Montoya, Form IV

SURCONSOMMATION ET FIN

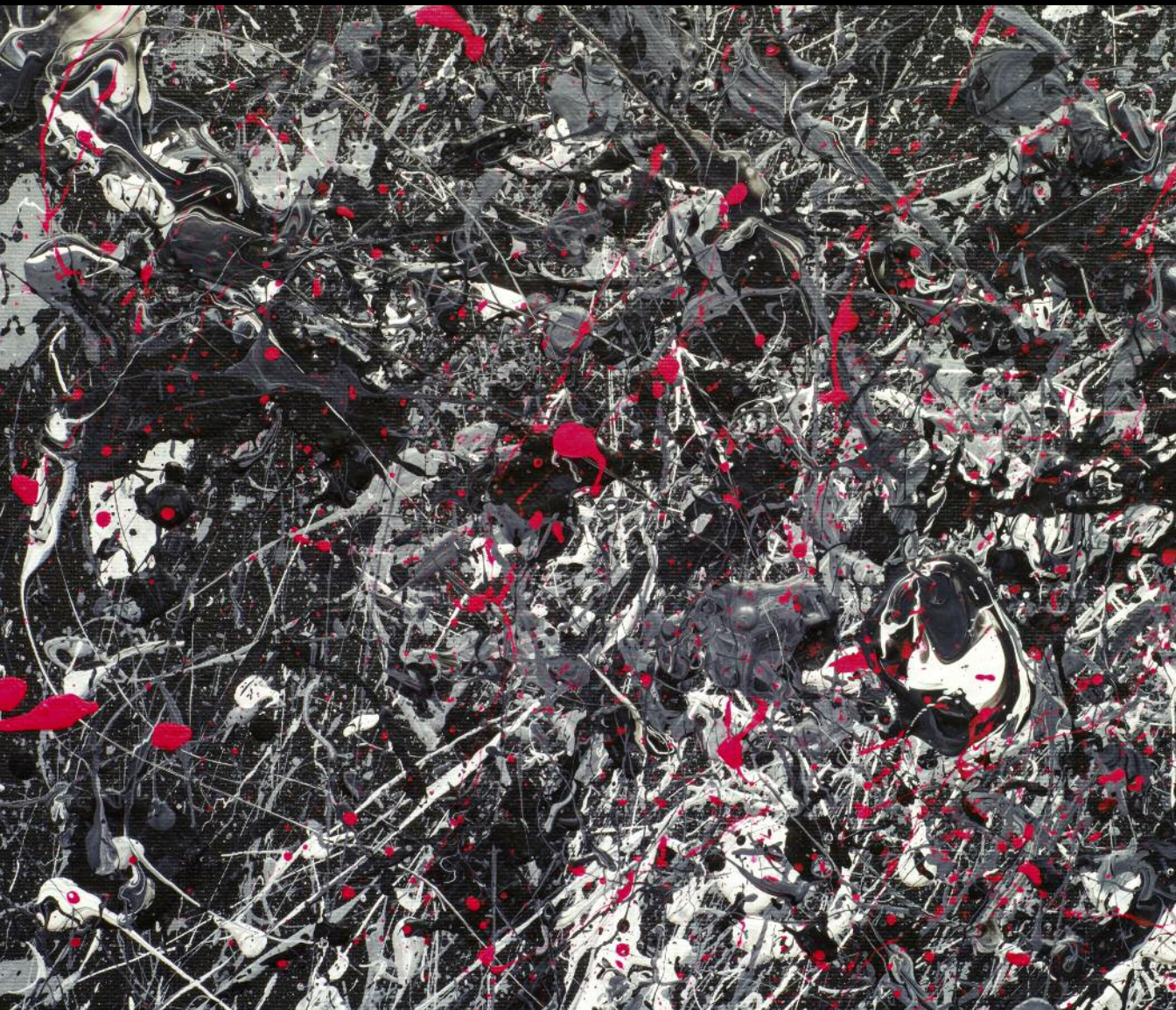
L'abus me fait mal,
Chaque goutte d'eau
De trop,
M'approche de la mort
De l'extinction.

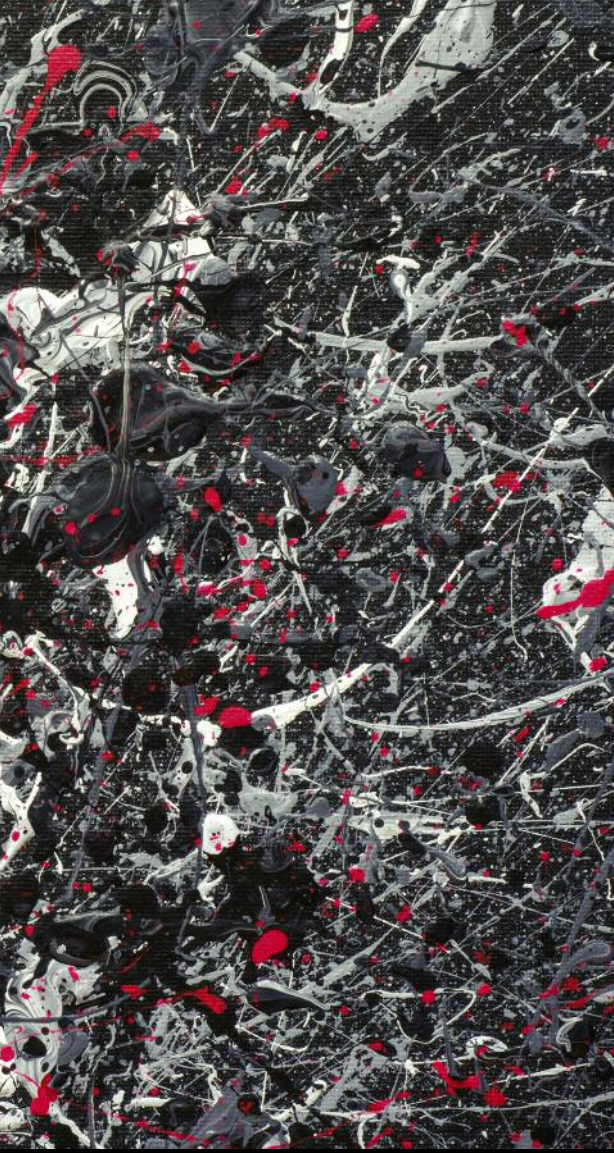
Plus loin, ils creusent,
Comme des taupes
Naïfs et aveugles
Ils ne voient pas venir
Le coup de la fin.

Je tombe malade,
En portant mes orages
Comme les signes d'une enrhumée
Ou bien les voiles d'un voilier,
En haut de l'horizon.

L'effacement de vos histoires,
De vos vies,
Ça ne vous fait pas mal?
La surconsommation, une vague incontrôlable.

Kaitlin Corbeil, Form IV





THE OLD MAN

Cold metal,
held between fragile palms.
His youth on the deep ocean wave,
pulling his finger back,
struggling to shape
his face from a puddle of sorrow.
Redemption screams his name.

An illusion of truth;
spinal cords play the devil's song.
Evil is his scent.
His body, untouched,
sprawls on the stairs.
Another takes shape,
dancing around –
not making a sound.

The power of the stairs
holds back his spirit
as the shadow of the serpent
slithers through his cringing eyes.
His final prayer
never passes his lips.

Andrew Coughlin, Form VI

Painting by Irys-Amélie Nadeau, Form IV

The Speaker's Tale

A ballad by Jessica Walsh, Form VII

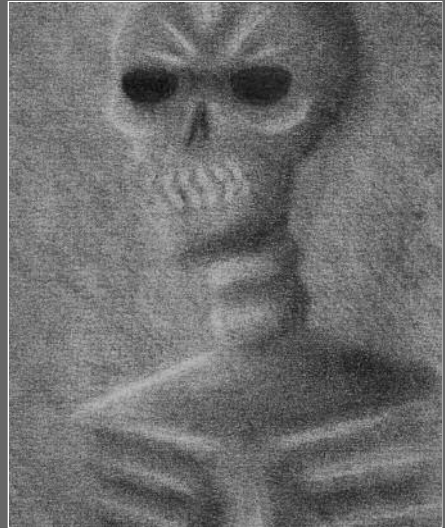
We were on the bus to enjoy our tour,
to see the sights, explore, and nothing more,
when a stranger stood up and cleared his throat.
He said he'd come from places far remote.
He was a public speaker, born and bred,
and he had more great stories in his head
than most people read in a hundred years.
He made us laugh; brought us almost to tears.
He talked for a living, this I was sure;
I'd seen his face on the TV before.
He spoke to give people inspiration
and to help them with their motivation.
He was a rich man, with money to spare;
it crackled 'round him, like sparks in the air.

He spoke of three brothers leaving a bar
when they saw an old beggar near their car.
"What," said the eldest, "are you doing there?"

"Begging," said the man. "Have you change to spare?"

"Why, you are so old, how are you still poor?
You've lived enough to make money, for sure."

"I was wealthy once, with money in hand,
but Fortune's face turned away from me and
my wealth dissolved, then my friends disappeared.
It's been this way for almost fifteen years."



Drawing by Sabine Latendresse, Form VII

“Why your wealth,” said the next, “where did it go?”
“Where it is now, I will not ever know.
I sometimes think I sense it in the dark
by the old bronze statue out in the park.
I run down the hill as fast as I can,
but it disappears like it ne’er began.”

The brothers, hearing this, rushed to the park
and stumbled around, half blind, in the dark,
until the youngest, who had brought a light,
called: “This is a statue of bronze all right!”
His brothers rushed over, their need was clear.
They knew that *their* fortunes might now be near.

At the statue’s base was a tiny door—
it was maybe a foot tall, but no more.
The brothers drew the bolt that held the gate
to meet what they thought was their happy fate.

There was movement inside, a flash and gone.
The second man, bored of waiting so long,
stuck his hand in the hole and soon pulled out
a strange man who began to kick and shout.

He was small and old, covered in black hair;
his bright orange skin gave him a hellish flare.
He writhed and scratched and bit and cursed his fate
till they replaced him and slammed shut the gate.

“He’s a spirit of fortune, this is true.
The only question now is what to do
to bring him home without getting away,
and to stop him from fighting us this way,”
said the eldest, looking very confused.

“Human rights people will think he’s abused
unless we disguise him to seem less odd.
Why not a cage, like for cats and small dogs?
He’ll be concealed, and easy to carry.
It helps, of course, that he’s so damn hairy.”
The youngest’s idea, while crude, would work,
if carried out in twilight’s dusky murk.

After some debate they at last agreed
that the youngest brother would do the deed
of leaving the park in search of a cage
to hide the small man and his fits of rage.
His brothers would stay behind in the park,
to protect their find from thieves in the dark.

As they argued, the spirit called with glee:
“What is a fortune when split into three?”
The brothers paused, then each went on his way,
but doubt, once planted, did not go away.

When he was certain the youngest was gone,
the eldest whispered, “We have come upon
luck and good fortune; a tremendous prize.
To divide it by two is far more wise.
Now listen closely, for I have a plan.
I will stay here, keeping watch o’er the man,
while you sneak away and hide in the dark—
wait patiently by the path through the park.
When our brother returns my presence here
will tell him that there is nothing to fear.
As he approaches, you come from behind
and finish him quickly. Don’t change your mind.
Here, take my knife, it is shiny and keen;
the cut that it makes is wickedly mean.

Now run off and wait; it won't be long now.
You know your task, and I know you know how."

The second brother accepted the knife
and the deadly plot on his brother's life.
When he had left, the spirit hissed again.
He said to the eldest, "Listen, my friend.
Half a fortune is better than a third,
but the whole is still better, mark my words."
The eldest, his mind overcome by greed,
listened to the spirit with savage need.

Meanwhile, the youngest, alone in the town,
also wanted to take his brothers down.
He had the cage, and three bottles of beer.
He then bought rat poison; his plan was clear.
His brothers, he knew, were excitable men.
Their trust was blind; they wouldn't notice when
the bottles he brought them had slightly loose caps
and an aftertaste of poison for rats.
He returned to the park, humming a tune,
unaware of the second brother, whom
was gliding behind him, sharp knife in hand.

The second, who thought that the plan was grand,
stuck the knife in the youngest's open back.
It snapped his spine with a resounding crack.

The second brother was a simple man.
He returned to the statue, knife in hand.
His surprise was complete when he then felt
a loop around his neck; the eldest's belt.

The eldest tightened the stiff leather strap,
felt the windpipe collapse, then the neck snapped.
His brothers were gone; at last he was free.

“Yes!” he snarled in savage, primal glee.
He snatched the beers from the dead youngest’s side.
His yellow teeth flashed as his grin grew wide.

He sat down on the grass to celebrate
the great good fortune he had found of late.
He didn’t realize the caps were loose,
but when he tried to stand he found the noose
set for his brothers had caught him as well.

He could do nothing. Legs crumpled, he fell.
He lay on the ground – pain raked his body –
cursing the spirit, and his own blind folly.
To trust his brothers while planning their end
was a mistake he couldn’t make again.

He could feel the poison in his blood
when a strange figure stepped out from the wood.
Then the spirit suddenly threw its door open.
it popped out as though it had just awoken.
It met the figure as he glided over
and with eerie grace climbed to his shoulder.

“Another job well done, my lifelong friend.

This one learned of his folly in the end.”
Said the old beggar, standing straight and tall:
“They’ve killed each other, leave them where they fall.”
He looked much younger, and his face had changed.
The light in his eyes was slightly deranged.
With practiced ease, the two searched the bodies
for things of value: watches and money.
Then they, with these small valuables in hand,
disappeared into the dark of the land.

The speaker told us, in his practiced way,
of how three brothers lost their lives one day
to the tricks of a crafty beggar-man.
The tale was thrilling, and quite the scam.

As he took his seat, a gentle old man
slowly raised one gnarled and shaking hand.
“Do you have brothers?” he asked the other.
“Yes,” he replied, “two of them, both younger.”



Drawing by Jessica Walsh, Form VII

THE DYING WORLD

I dream.

I dream with my eyes open;
wide open.

As I dream I watch.

I watch the dust tracing paths;
tracing invisible paths.

As I watch I think.

I think of the wind spiralling;
spiralling to the dark.

As I think I imagine.

I imagine the shadows' dark depths.
Unreachable depths.

As I imagine I hope.

I hope that death is not as dark,
dark as the night.

As I hope I drift.

I drift into a nothingness,
a dark nothingness.

As I drift I forget.

I forget all my loved ones,
my beloved ones.

As I forget I am forgotten.

I am forgotten by the world,
the dying world.

Robynne Armstrong, Form IV



RHYTHM

Your voice,
the soundtrack of my heart,
skips a beat like a flat stone
surfacing a cold, autumn river.

Taylor Merrithew, Form VI

Artwork by Irys-Amélie Nadeau, Form IV

A DARK AND SULLEN PLACE

I in one corner, he in the other;
we are constantly staring at one another.
In a dark room with nothing around
but filth, him, and an eerie sound.
The sound of silence as he is slowly dying,
body stained red and quietly crying.
He ran out of tears many moons ago
when he used to have ten fingers and his other big toe.
Now he just sits there jerking his head
crinkling his face and envying the dead.
He yells at me and his sound echoes and rings,
but all I can do is continue to blink.
Crying for help, the silence is broken –
futile words are being spoken.
The masked man comes in only three times a week
to feed him, to ask him, and to make him shriek.
He gives up the information, avoiding the pain
with so much to lose and nothing to gain.
His eyes start to flutter, and his head falls down,
chin touching chest and his face without frown.
I zoom in and focus on the lifeless man
as I stand on three legs and begin to scan.
I stop recording out of respect,
and let my old friend enjoy a quiet death.

Brendan Barritt, Form VI

Painting by Joy Lu, Form IV





THE PRESENT

Happiness surrounds us, thick and warm like
The cozy grey and orange chequered blanket
Wrapped snugly around our bodies.

Your arm around my shoulders makes me
feel safe and protected; eliciting a feeling of
contentment and adoration from within me.

I slowly raise my head to stare into your eyes
only to be met by your smouldering gaze,
the reflected emotions matching mine.

A giggle catches my attention; light
and airy like a feather carelessly floating
towards the cold, hard ground.

I turn to the source of the joyful sound and
feel a sense of pride as if I have just won an
endless amount of shining gold. A small hint
of a present peeks out from beneath glittering
silver giftwrap held in small pink hands and I
smile down at my own present; the best one of all.

Rebecca Leblond, Form V

THE MAN ON FOOT

Under emerald strands of green
They reach over his hatless head towards his horse
Long fingers emerge from the twisting brown branch
Curling like a beast around its prey

The girl in plaid gowns and bare feet
Waits near the well to water her sheep
Their tangled wool as white as snow
To meet an angry foot

The father sitting glad upon his wooden throne
Sells to the highest bid a priceless mare
Of scarlet mane for seven years
Of blond as gold for seven more

Jasmine Bouchard, Form IV

FADED AWAY

Walking, and
snow.

Beard, windbreaker, jeans,
dust.
Flakes.

Slow steps.
Smoke left
by sunset.
The sky of Christmas night.

Iced lake.
Horizon.
Indistinct.

Line of stars.
Faded.

Evangeline Zhang, Form VI

HAUNTED

A short story by Sabine Latendresse, Form VII

The walk from the train station was short to say the least. The track, winding and curving through the lush undergrowth of the forest was well worn from numerous urban explorers embarking on similar missions, and was no wider than a deer trail. Not for the first time, trudging along beneath a canopy of emerald that loomed above her like a dreamscape sky, Anita considered turning back.

A few paces up the trail her sister continued on, pressing ahead with an angry kind of urgency that was a shocking contrast to her usual demeanour. The two siblings marched in silence, one a simmering whirlwind of snapping branches and the other less than the whisper of wind through the leaves.

Half an hour of hiking brought them to the outer most reaches of the overgrown property they were planning on breaking into. Anita shuddered as the old brick walls of the buildings came into view, a memory stirring like silver fish in her mind. Her last visit, six years to the day, had not been a pleasant one; the trip there far less peaceful and the departure thousands of times worse than that. She and her sister had not ventured back since.

Abruptly, they reached the tree line and emerged from the shelter of leaves. A few

paces ahead, rising from the tall grass like a red cliff from the sea, was the central building of the old hospital. Vines curled around the worn structure, wheedling into the bricks and pushing back out elsewhere until the entire surface was overgrown with the invasive tendrils.

The two women skirted around the edge of the building and came to a small, wooden door set back into a particularly overgrown area of the building. Weeds grew up from beneath the rotten boards of the patio that sprawled broken along the length of the wall.

Anita's sister clambered over the splintered remains, the echoes of her furious struggle sending birds fluttering from their trees. She pried the fragile door open viciously and stormed inside. Anita followed more solemnly, gliding through the ruined patio in the wake of her sister and entering silently, nothing less than a draft of air.

They wandered through the ruins of the once beautiful building, manoeuvring through half destroyed pillars that curved elegantly into arched ceilings and slipping up marble steps railed with intricate designs that curled and twined like the vines that had overtaken the property.

Anita followed several paces behind her sister, watching as she stormed

through the hollow, abandoned halls. Dust rose gingerly from her footprints, floating up into shafts of light that shone in through shattered windows.

When Anita's companion turned abruptly into a room, her counterpart stopped short. Standing in the doorway, the door lying half thrown from its hinges, Anita felt tears flood to her eyes as her sister sank to her knees in the center of the room. Her stormy countenance evaporated, the stagnant air of the room completely unfazed by what was only seconds ago a gale slamming into the small space.

Anita crept in, feeling a pressure fall across her shoulders as she passed the threshold and edged through the room to her sister's side. Eyes downcast she watched her sister silently before her gaze flickered to the cross that stood like a sapling before them. The white paint of the simple, wooden marker had already begun to chip and fall like eternal flakes of snow settling around the memorial.

"I'm sorry."

Anita's eyes flashed to her sister, a small weary smile rising to her face as she watched her. Her answer fell from her lips easily, barely registering that it would go unnoticed.

"It's okay."

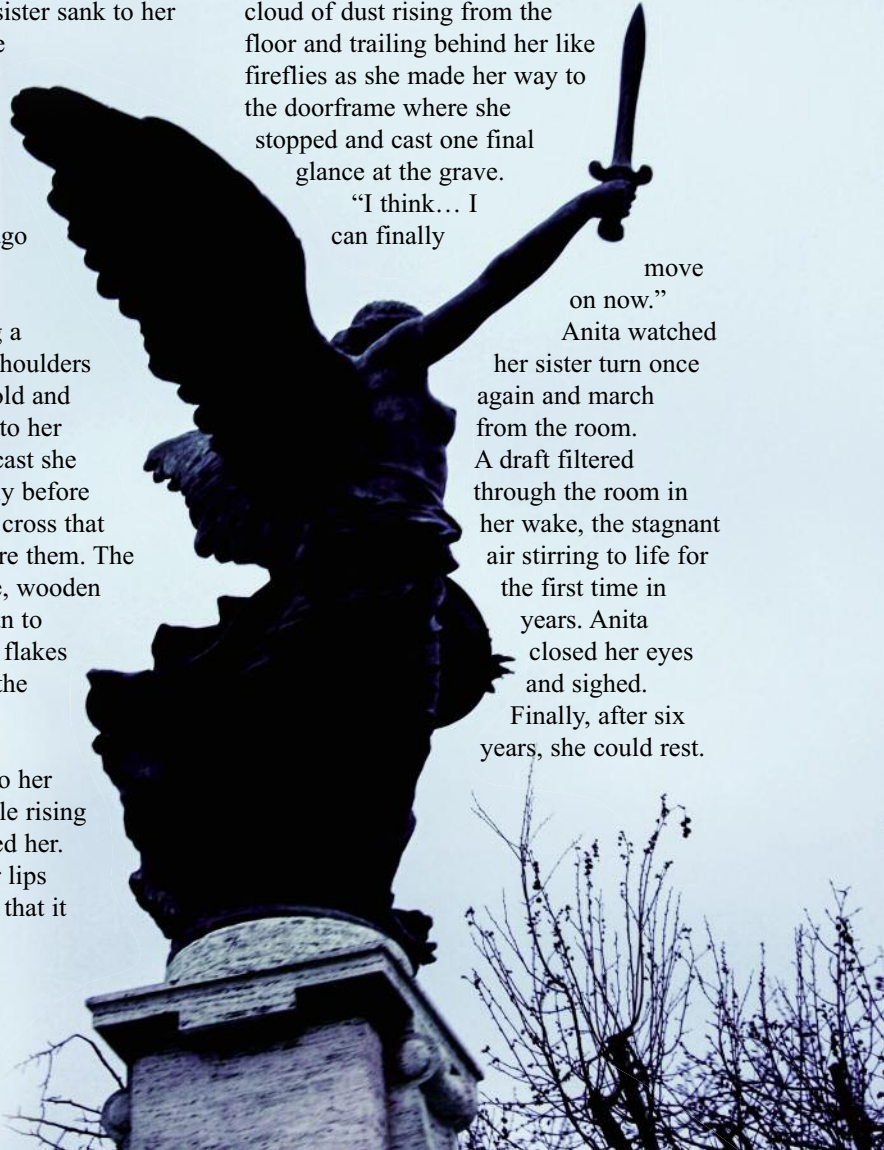
They stayed there in silence for a moment longer, the stillness around them almost oppressive, before Anita's sister rose, balancing lightly on the balls of her feet. She shook herself quickly as a small true smile, sad as it was, crept onto her features. She turned on the spot, a cloud of dust rising from the floor and trailing behind her like fireflies as she made her way to the doorway where she stopped and cast one final glance at the grave.

"I think... I can finally

move
on now."

Anita watched

her sister turn once again and march from the room. A draft filtered through the room in her wake, the stagnant air stirring to life for the first time in years. Anita closed her eyes and sighed. Finally, after six years, she could rest.



THE MEADOW THAT ONCE WAS...

The flowers are the colour of death,
a sickly beige brown that kills a part of me
when I gaze out of the window and into the field.

The wispy stalks are bent over, thousands of them
like a field of hunchbacks standing row,
after row, after row.

I walk through the flowers, my bloodied, bruised feet
getting clawed by the lifeless plants that seem to
grope at my limbs, pulling me into the soil.

Across the meadow I see you, as lifeless as the
flowers at your feet. The smile on your face is familiar,
yet there is a malicious air about it.

As I get closer, I see a glint in your eye, a malice
that I have never seen before in you. Terrified, yet
transfixed, I venture towards you like a mouse into a trap.

The bloodlust in your eye is clear to me now.
All I want to do is run, but I keep walking closer to you,
venturing further and further into the meadow that once was.

Jonathan Hopkins, Form V

Photograph by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI





GLEAMING PEARLS

She was my hero
and for the entirety of my childhood
I thought she was invincible.
I believed that neither words
nor actions
could ever bring her down.
Her carefully arranged facade
faded the day she lost faith in herself.
She believed she could handle no more
and I saw,
for the first time –
small,
delicate tears
fall from soulful eyes
and glide down her round cheeks,
her neck,
to the collar of her grey sweater.
Those soft tears reminded me
of gleaming pearls,
pried unwillingly from inside
an oyster, who was left,
empty, like broken shell.

Irys-Amélie Nadeau, Form IV

Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VI





HER GENES, MY FATE

A staircase connection.
Every step
different, unique.
Making me, me.

Most people's stairs
are tidy and clean.
Flawless,
pristine if you must.

Mine are cluttered,
stained with disease
like a velcro burr
against soft carpet.

In one breath
her heart was still,
like a leaf
with no breeze.

A hammer?
No, it is two hands
that push the life back into her
like a bellow stoking a fire.





I am coming.
New to this world,
a sprout, awakening
in the spring.

I carry with me
her messy stairs
like a barnacle
stuck to a whale.

Those piles of imperfection
on my stairs, like hers.
One day, I'll trip over them.
Her fate is now mine.

Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

Painting by Kaitlin Corbeil, Form IV

WOMAN OF FAITH

The train station was empty; shadows hung,
across walls and heavy in the lungs.
Sharing my place on a lonely old seat
was a nun in her youth, pale as a sheet.
Garbed in the black typical to the church,
she was a songbird trapped on her perch:
well mannered, with laughter so pure and bright,
she was sheltered and clean, filtered like light.
Educated and fine; thin as a twig.
Her hair glowed; her dark shawl seemed a wig.

She boarded the train, swaying with the crowd
and melted in, voice mixing with the loud,
obnoxious sounds. She seemed right at home and
glad, as though returning to her homeland:
a place long lost and hopelessly forgot,
where sadness was fleeting and mirth was bought.
It seemed almost cruel to reduce her so.
Her convent life was disconnected and low.
On that train she was as she should have been:
wondrous and happy, loud, known, and seen.

And yet as the stops passed by in a blur,
her light dimmed, as though growing a fur:
a coat, coming down like a curtain of fog,
shielding her colors, suffocating like smog.
She disembarked from the transport easily,
dissolving like foam on a rising sea.
She drifted away, forever hidden, lost,
floating on a breeze like a handkerchief tossed.
A jewel at her neck: sign of faith turned to dust.
A symbol, a pendant, "In God we trust."

Sabine Latendresse, Form VII



Drawing by Capucine Nouvel, Form VII

AT CANFRANC TRAIN STATION

A SHORT STORY BY AUDE BABAKISSA, FORM VII



Photograph by Édouard Rozon, Form VII

It had been a year. A year where the summer sun had shone particularly bright and the autumn wind had been mild and gentle. And still, no one knows. The sight of her black hat as she rushed through the crowd still haunts me. I remember her determination to make her way through the long coats and luggage to the doors on the platform. Had she not turned around I could have mistaken her for someone else.

As she hopped on the train, my sister turned around one last time. I am still not sure if she looked disappointed or relieved to see only unfamiliar faces in the crowd of travelers. The vapour coming from the engine mixed with the smoke of the cigarettes made my eyes water. As I blinked to release unwanted tears, she entered the darkness of the carriage dragging with her a small suitcase. Way too small to contain the memories of our days on the mountains or our countless fights.

Maybe I should have cried her name. Screamed it louder than the goodbyes exchanged on the platform and much louder than the shrill whistle of the conductor indicating the boarding of the train. I stood still. The cars filled up quickly. I tried to get a glimpse of her. Was she sitting next to a window?

Would she look at the countryside on her way to France or borrow a newspaper from her neighbour? I couldn't tell and would never know. The train slowly came to life and I realized I was holding my breath. I started running towards the moving carriages. I like to think that she would have changed her mind at my sight. The train gained speed and the first car was already starting to disappear along the winding rail between the mountains.

It has been a year. A year where the mountains along the rail station have been covered in snow and, in the spring, red carnations flourished along the train tracks. That year, my parents stopped attending the church service every Sunday morning. My mother's knees still weaken at the sight of the large picture of my sister next to the front door of the house of God. I am used to seeing it. They used the same one for the Desaparecidos section at the police station. The whole town searched for days in the mountains and the neighbouring town. Several men were brought in and then released because of a lack of proof or corresponding alibis. Eventually, her photo will be taken down and, as flowers wither, the black hat will vanish from my memory.

MOTIONLESS TIME

Left behind on the stone path.
The car crunches across the gravel.
Brother, sister and I all turn;
we face the ominous brick hall.

Days that follow,
we all dread.
Clocks don't budge.
We dream that we've fled.

The leather belt
and beating stick entail;
I cower in the corner,
only age eight, still so frail.

As each day passes,
I watch the changing sunlight dapple
through iron bars.
It draws out my features
and paints sadness on my heart.

The changing light brings back
pictures of sparkling sheets
of snow and ice;
my home up North misses me.
I can't help but long to return.

For most of the year,
we are kept in here.
We return to our families
with no sense of belonging, just
fear.

Gone are freedom and
the open glacial fields.
I am locked up forever,
no liberty this place yields.

Every night, I lie alone,
lulled to sleep by my tears.
Confined to myself, no respite,
no one to banish my fears.

At last I am released,
yet my youth is through –
an hourglass run out.
Lost in society,
I'm a downward spiral of doubt.

Haley Crawford, Form VII

Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VI





Collage by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

THE REVOLUTION

Strife in the heart of where we live –
destruction and violence flood the streets.
Silent nights remain no more
as the war of Gods overthrows the will of men.

Homes deserted, crashed and burned;
bodies sprawled about the dirt roads,
drenched in clouds of thick blood,
still flowing from those deceased.

The first shot fired and first fist thrown –
revolution is at the world's doorstep.
With every knock a bomb is dropped, a life is lost.
With the evolution of man comes violence.

Ethnicity becomes poison;
free speech, a feral weapon;
wealth a card of triumph;
and in poverty, military enlistment.

Drunk off their holy liquids, dehydrated,
they quench their thirst with spilled blood.
Their hunger grows for every soul claimed –
sins grown as payment to the Gods.

Stephane Anglade, Form VII

THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK

The man works,
thinking,
always thinking,
behind his desk
he thinks.

On his computer
he creates codes,
he types
and types.

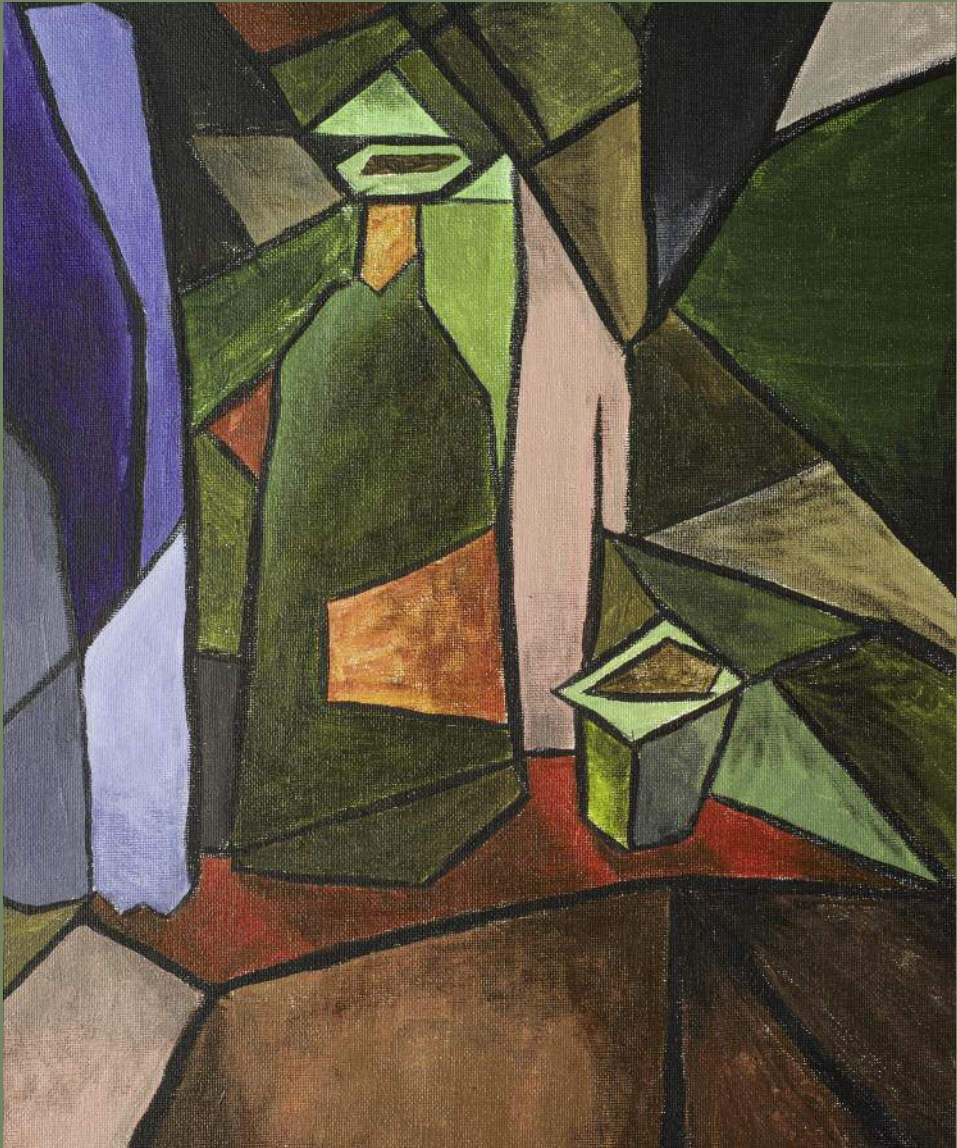
Speaking to no one,
keeping to himself.

Alone
in a room
with a computer,
and he types.

Maybe
he once wondered,
wondered
what the world
was like
outside
of his computer.

Soon enough
he stopped
wondering
what the world was like.
Once a man,
now a code.
Just a code
in a computer.

Trinity-Ann Merrithew, Form IV



Painting by Brendan Barritt, Form VI

MY NEW HOME

A room: 8 beds, 2 windows, 1 door.
9 steps long and 7 wide.
My new home for the next 10 months.
2 months since I arrived here.
2 months since I last saw my family.
2 months since I was last home;
my real home.

A cabin, 1 dog, 1 lake and 2 parents.
15 steps long and 9 wide,
but countless steps of freedom.
Long summer nights
outside;
bonfires, swimming and laughing.

Replaced with long winter days
inside;
school, church, silence.

Each day the same thing:
routine, routine, routine.
I've grown to hate this place
as much as I love going home.
I hate being away:
forced, required, unwanted.

They took me away one summer evening
in the midst of a village gathering.
They picked up the children
aged 5 to 16.
The elders stood and watched
as I sat in the back seat of a big black car
and looked through the rear-view window.
A cabin, 1 dog, 1 lake and 2 parents,
diminishing until they vanish.

For the next 10 months.
Replaced by
a room; 8 beds, 2 windows, 1 door.
9 steps long and 7 wide.
My new home.
At least that's what they say.

Bonnie Kerkhoff, Form VII



Photograph by Édouard Rozon, Form VII

NOTRE TERRE

Peut-être est-ce une question d'indifférence
Ou bien d'insouciance
Mais quelqu'un doit parler
Avant qu'elle-même gronde l'humanité.

Les humains ne voient-ils point
Que nous sommes ses seuls adjoints
Ses seuls protecteurs?
Nous sommes conscients de ce que la Terre subira
En ignorons-nous l'ampleur?

La pollution de l'air
Ne devrait-elle pas être classée prioritaire?
Sans parler de nos océans
Qui disparaissent comme le printemps.

Nous sommes les seuls à pouvoir l'entretenir
Nous voulons lui un bel avenir
Pour nos générations futures
Quel héritage bénéfique!

Il n'est jamais trop tard pour passer à l'action
À la condition que nous nous unissions.
Je vous prie; commençons dès maintenant.
Comme nous serons fiers de notre Terre d'ici vingt ans!

Laury Tellier, Form IV

Nothing is So Beautiful as Spring

A descriptive essay by Tyler Beauparlant, Form VI

The cold, skin-piercing wind whistles through the hard lifeless trees as the snow is blown up into the air. The shards of snow and ice feel like little sharp knives as the wind is blowing across our faces. The cracking noise of the trees from the wind pushing the branches echoes in the stark landscape. The wind and the sky make our effort pointless as the never-ending layers of snow reappear after being shovelled away. We are unable to tell direction; all we see is white. Surrounded by bright white, yet surrounded by darkness. Coldness. It is so cold that we slip on ice as if we were on a hockey rink.

The goal was to get home and warm up in front of the fireplace. The crunching of the snow was heard at a constant rhythm, like we were stepping on cereal. Four layers of thick clothing compressed against her body, cocooned in a marshmallow shaped coat, trapping heat and moisture inside. The one loose end of her scarf blew in the wind while the rest was wrapped snugly around her neck. She looked down trying to avoid the wind that would freeze her face; frostbite was not welcomed. No one

liked winter's personality, it gives us negative emotions. The lifeless landscape echoes within us. The grey overcast sky competes with the barren trees to dull the eye and the soul. We are worn down with fatigue as we trudge through slush-covered sidewalks and climb over snow banks just to reach our destinations. Our stomachs feel empty as if we haven't eaten in days due to the winter blizzard, locking our doors from the outside in. The doors are locked; we can't leave. Our lungs feel heavy as the oxygen is slowly diminishing. The four walls seem to be getting closer and closer. We are like the bear in winter; hiding in a dark cave, slowly closing his eyes as the fatigue loosens our muscles. No energy, no excitement. It is like our walk home in the cold; it's unpleasant and long but we all look forward to our final destination.

Eventually after the long, cold walk, we find our way home and endure the winter struggle. The feeling of warmth when she walked in the door makes her frozen lips smile. It is the start, but not satisfying enough. She quickly strips off her coat and her stylish brown boots

that just didn't seem to do the job in terms of heat. She runs over to the fireplace shivering, knowing that the feeling when she would get there would be worth it. She was right. Her hands received the heat waves that were emitted from the fireplace, commencing the thawing of her frozen body. The satisfaction of heat cuddled her as she grabbed a fur blanket. She curled into a ball like a potato bug in front of the fireplace. As the heat from the warm fire surrounded her body, she felt like spring. The sense of thawing and the bright colours of the fire, warm her physically and emotionally. She feels similar to what the earth would feel. Spring offers many different things that give us the same physical and emotional satisfaction. We can see, smell and feel spring, and nothing is as beautiful.

Spring is like the feeling of waking up in the morning; stretching our muscles and feeling well rested. Not only do the plants and animals wake up, but also people, emotionally. The sun relaxes us as it shines through our windows, as if it's telling us, "Good morning!" The air smells fresh. It's nature's natural scent. The soil smells like it's coming alive and the grass smells like it has just been born or freshly cut. The birds in their nest,

chirping in the background, are soothing music to our ears. Spring brightens up the mood. We get to spend more time outdoors; something we crave. We break free of the house shackles and spend more time outside in the fresh air. The flamboyant colours of nature attract our eyes like magnets. The colours from nature are reborn, as if it were a rainbow in our gardens. Flowers, plants and trees; all bloom, painting a beautiful picture in front of our eyes. This is one of many senses we feel as spring arrives. Spring caresses us gently compared to the harsh touch of winter. The sun's rays touch our skin gently as our body absorbs all the heat and energy. Our feet sink as we walk in the fresh, newly born soil. The warm breeze tickles our faces, teasing us as it passes through the clothesline. The wind gently blows the laundry, injecting its warm smell of nature. The comforting smell in our shirts leaves us holding them up by our noses. We smell life and we breathe it in.

As winter slowly melts away and spring rolls in, the world lightens. Everything is brighter, not just because there is more sun, but because everyone releases the emotions that have been stifled over the winter months. As nature becomes reborn in spring, so do we.



THE PEOPLE ON THE SIDEWALKS

Watch closer next time
You are about to pass people on the sidewalk.
You'll learn so much more about them;
Things you might secretly desire to know.

Do their faces glow of euphoria?
Or, like a gear, are they mechanical,
Simply trying to get through the day?
Is every step a battle against inner demons?

Do they keep their heads down,
Obsessively step over the cracks?
Or is it their smiles that are about to crack,
Releasing needy screams, seeking attention?

Are you going to aid the morose,
The ones that can barely climb out of bed?
Are you going to release karma on the too-happy ones?
Or are you just going to watch and listen?

Julia Coote, Form IV

Painting by Jessica Mou, Form IV





ALL THE PRETTY FACES

Beauty stands before me.
Familiar, but her name
I can't recall.

Blue eyes from the park?
Or brunette from the bar?
Maybe even Sally with the bike?

Faces, faces flood my mind.
So many women I have held,
yet most have left me cold.

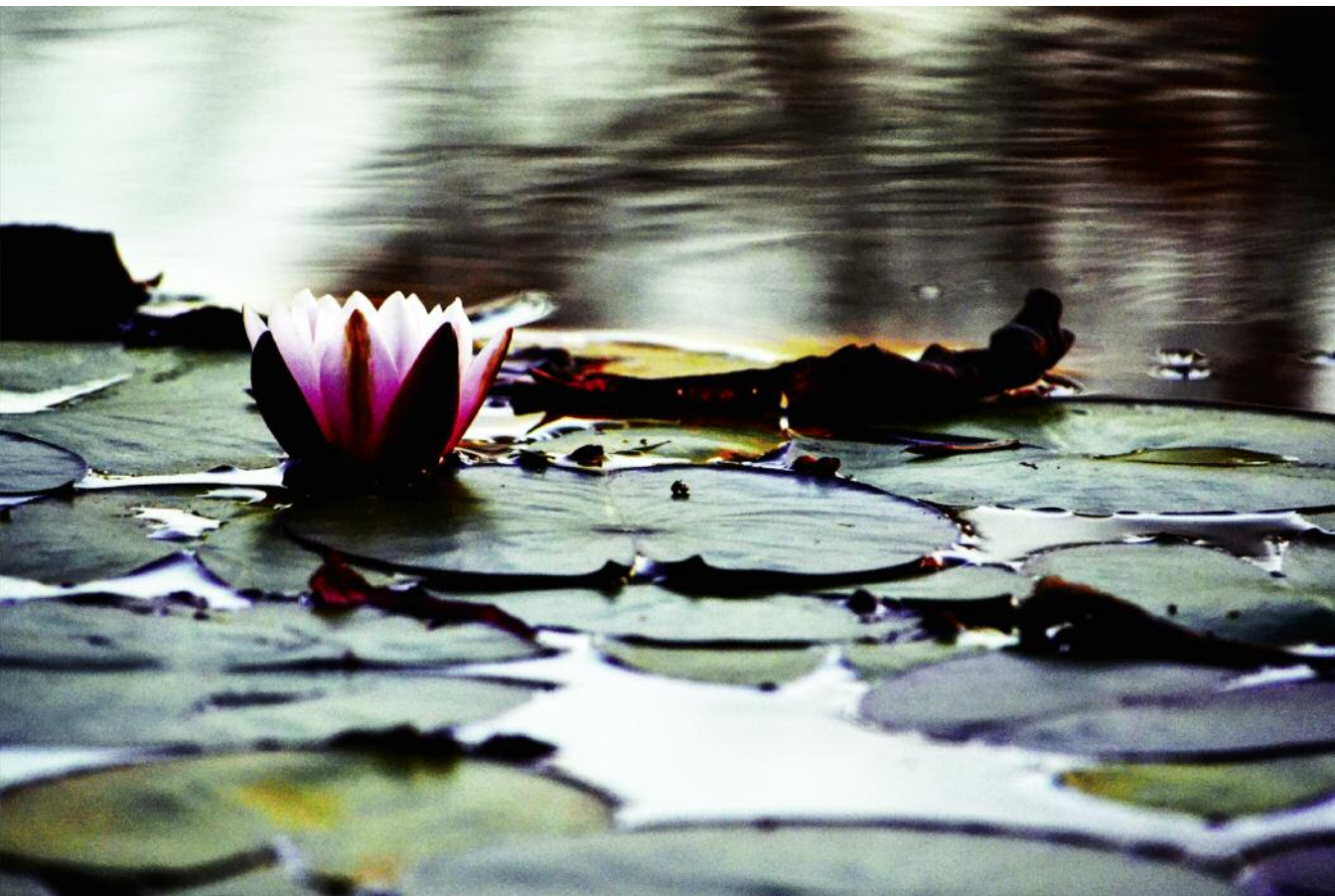
Long legs from the carnival?
Or the rosy cheeks at the train station?
Maybe even Sandra from the bank?

Oh dear! So many forgotten faces.
But this one, so fair, I must recall.
Perhaps I've never seen these angel eyes.

This is it, this one's the One.

Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

Stencil by Gabrielle Edgecombe, Form IV



Photograph by Rosemarie Zeitlinger, Form VI

THE TRAIL

I stood by silently;
a war raged in my veins;
black ink in the water,
paint splattered on the wall.

You drifted away;
everything unravelled.
Stars floated away,
embers drawn into murky depths.

I let you go;
my guard was down.

While along the road,
those who dared to follow drift,
wisps of fog lost in a painted sky.

They have been washed away.

Sabine Latendresse, Form VII

FOREVER AGO

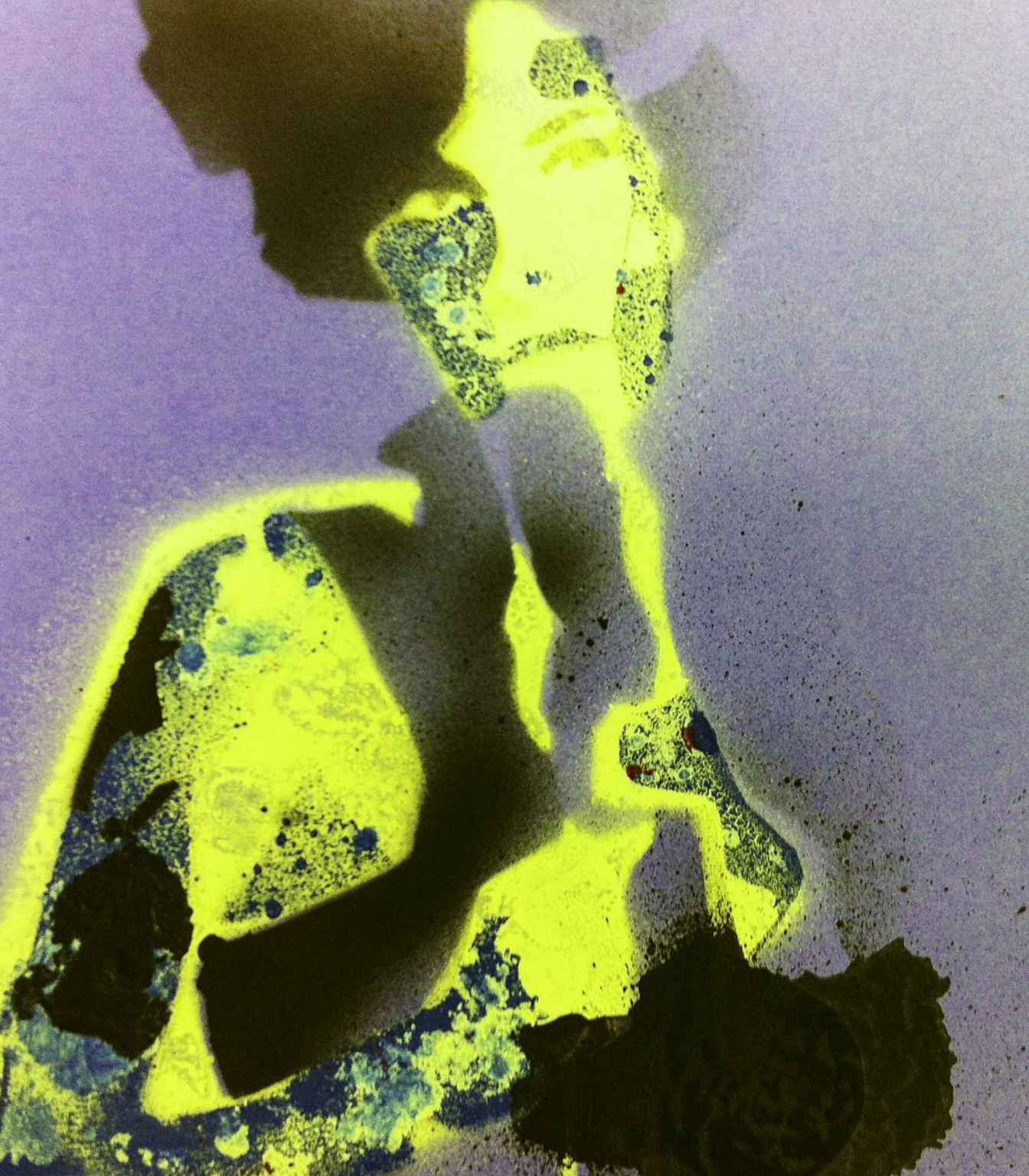
A time of journeys,
of adventure.
Fly away like a raven,
disappear into the wind.

Now, trouble explodes,
a hurricane of
fireworks,
no umbrella to protect myself
from the shower of bullets.

It's a painting in a museum
gone up in flames.

That summer is
a mirage
of forever ago.

Haley Crawford, Form VII



ENCORE

She closed her eyes as the cool air caressed her face.
Her long hair tickled her shoulder as she spun,
but she couldn't stop.
Reality and fantasy blurred into one
to form a beautiful reverie.

She heard the crowd rise to their feet
in awe of the girl on stage.
A smile spread across her face and
the roar consumed her:
a child shaped by expectations.

She released a long breath and
opened her eyes.
Through her scratched glasses, she saw
no one. She tightened her grip on her cane
as the knot in her throat tightened as well.

Her frail cough echoed around her as she
sat down on the lip of the stage.
Dust motes floated through the air,
caught in the golden sunbeams
that broke through the shuttered windows.

She wrapped her shawl more closely
around her thin shoulders, the
stale air chilling her to the bone.
She felt as empty as the theatre,
inhabited by dust and dirt.

Both now faded versions of what once was.

Victoria Leblond, Form VII





WAIT FOR ME

I hate the way you laugh
and the way you smile
when I
cannot even fathom
joy.

I hate the way you sip
and the way you chew
when I
cannot know
hunger.

I hate the way you rest
and the way you sleep
when I
can no longer
dream.

But each time,
you wait –
happy,
healthy,
rested –
for me.

Taylor Merrithew, Form VI

Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VI

Index by author

Anglade, Stephane
The Revolution53

Armstrong, Robynne
The Dying World.....32

Babakissa, Aude
At Canfranc
Train Station48–49

Barritt, Brendan
A Dark and Sullen Place.....34
Burger.....17
Terribly Awake.....8

Beauparlant, Tyler
Nothing is So Beautiful
as Spring.....59–60

Bouchard, Jasmine
The Man on Foot.....37

Coote, Julia
The People on the Sidewalks...61

Corbeil, Kaitlin
Surconsommation et fin.....23

Coughlin, Andrew
The Old Man25

Crawford, Haley
Forever Ago65
Motionless Time50

Cunningham, Honour
Sunday Morning Crow Song...7

Faroni, Donovan
Longing.....14

Hopkins, Jonathan
The Meadow That Once Was...40

Hopkins, Sarah
Dreadful Beauty.....9

Kerkhoff, Bonnie
My New Home56

Latendresse, Sabine
Haunted38–39
The Trail65
The Twelfth Hour.....72
Woman of Faith46

Leblond, Rebecca
The Present.....36

Leblond, Victoria
Encore.....67

Merrithew, Taylor
Rhythm33
Wait For Me69

Merrithew, Trinity-Ann
The Man Behind The Desk....54

Montoya, Alexandre
Maux de mer22

Nadeau, Irys-Amélie
Gleaming Pearls.....42

Russell, Nicola
Apple Pie.....10–13
What A Mother
Shouldn't Know19

Tellier, Laury
Notre Terre58

Walsh, Jessica
Ode To Fried Chicken.....16
The Speaker's Tale26–31
Tourism Is Good20

Zeitlinger, Rosemarie
All the Pretty Faces.....63
Her Genes, My Fate.....44–45

Zhang, Evangeline
Faded Away.....37

Index by artist

Barritt, Brendan	
<i>Wine Bottle</i>	55
Corbeil, Kaitlin	
<i>Field of Daisies</i>	44–45
Edgecombe, Gabrielle	
<i>Beauty In Colour</i>	62–63
Hernandez Garcia, Maria Del Mar	
<i>Teenage Life</i>	18–19
Latendresse, Sabine	
<i>A Helping Hand</i>	10
<i>Shadow Skeleton</i>	26
Lu, Joy	
<i>Out Of Time</i>	34–35
Mou, Jessica	
<i>Star</i>	61
Nadeau, Irys-Amélie	
<i>Skull and Roses</i>	33
<i>Splatter</i>	24–25
Nouvel, Capucine	
<i>A Woman's Face</i>	47
Rozon, Édouard	
<i>Country Skyline</i>	57
<i>Far Horizons</i>	49

Russell, Nicola	
<i>Angel</i>	39
<i>Fish and Flower</i>	cover
<i>Gull</i>	72
<i>Looking Out</i>	51
<i>The Pearl Necklace</i>	42–43
<i>Windowsill Flowers</i>	68–69
Turrin, Sabrina	
<i>Dazzling Woman</i>	66
Valois, Justine	
<i>Sun and Moon</i>	6
Walsh, Jessica	
<i>Abandoned Skull</i>	31
Weapenicappo, Charlene	
<i>The Butterfly</i>	21
Zeitlinger, Rosemarie	
<i>Burger Close-Up</i>	16–17
<i>Lily Pads</i>	64
<i>Looking In</i>	9
<i>Silent Leaves</i>	14–15
<i>Time Record</i>	52
<i>Withered Trees</i>	40–41

THE TWELFTH HOUR

This is our twelfth hour,
we stand poised, balanced
at the precipice of our great leap.

We have worn away each minute,
filled each one with obnoxious laughter
and pleasant tears of heartfelt stupidity.

This is the last minute of our last hour
and we rush past; river rapids
tumbling over the rocks in graceful chaos.

The seconds are running dry,
drained to empty meaningless words
that chap against our lips.

These are our final seconds,
bursting and brilliant flashes that decay
too quickly into carbon copy memories.

Sabine Latendresse, Form VII



Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VI

